

# RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—DECEMBER, 1948

No. 1.

## Writer Urges Priests To Be Seen Among Us

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Seminarian—

Today I would like to talk to you about being a priest. It may seem strange to you that I, a lay woman, should want to discuss with you this infinite, this awesome, this almost miraculous vocation of the priesthood. The more so that you are already on your way to it, and presumably know a million times more than I ever shall of its beauty, its dignity, its sacrifice, its joys and sorrow, and its glorious final end.

But humbly and respectfully, I still intend to talk to you about being a priest. For I am one of the people to whom the priests must minister.

The need of bridging the gap between the priests and the people has been before us for many years. The Popes have described it better than I ever could. Yet it bears repetition. And this is what I have found to be the bridge, or at least its foundation.

Here Is The Bridge

The priest must BE SEEN. By this I mean that he, like Christ must constantly — simply and naturally — mingle with the people belonging to his parish. He must be seen walking through all its streets, wide and narrow, rich and poor, its back alleys, and its front mews.

He must be a loved and familiar sight to Catholic and non-Catholic alike!

Have you ever stopped to consider THE BLESSING OF THE PRESENCE OF A PRIEST? If your soul is sensitive to God and the things of God, that blessing is almost palpable. The priest does not necessarily have to speak, just to BE in some place. That BEING of his will impart a blessing... bring closer God's grace... oh, do so many strange and almost miraculous things that it is impossible to enumerate them all.

Listen To This

Let me tell you a little story about that. There was in the neighborhood of one of our Friendship Houses a most desolate street. It was desolate because God had literally been banished from it. Every house on it was a Communist's stronghold. Try as we might, we could not even penetrate the periphery of that tragic problem.

Loving the priests as I do, it occurred to me that if I could induce one of them to walk daily through that street... JUST WALK... that would do what nothing

else seemed able to accomplish.

I went to see a Jesuit. At first he said he could do "nothing of the sort." His work was teaching, he said, not converting a street. I reminded him that his doctor had prescribed an hour's walk daily for the sake of his health, and inquired if he needed any special permission as to which streets, which direction to walk in. Having received the expected answer that he was free to walk wherever he pleased... I presented my plan to him.

They Curse The Priest

I begged him to walk THROUGH MY DESOLATE STREET DAILY. He agreed. At first the unfamiliar sight of a priest drew jeers and curses from the dwellers of the street. Little by little the curses and jeers ceased. A year later, after having kept his promise, and JUST SILENTLY WALKED THROUGH THE DESOLATE STREET, Father had to acknowledge that people were tipping their hats to him; mothers were begging prayers for their sick ones; children were running to him with gleeful, cheerful greetings.

But we, who knew the street... who watched it anxiously... we knew more. We knew that JUST THE PRESENCE OF A PRIEST had brought untold benediction to the people on it.

IN THE PERSON OF THE PRIEST... IT HAD BROUGHT CHRIST BACK TO THEM... and the "sight" of Christ... brought them to their spiritual knees once again.

The Communists lost the street. On Sunday, more and more families could be seen on their way back to Church. That is how it was.

Let Them Approach

So when you become a priest, my friend... BE SEEN. That's the thing I wanted to say first. Secondly, I beg you, be APPROACHABLE... as Christ was approachable during His public ministry.

Today we live in an age, that better than any other, exemplifies to me the truth of the beautiful parable of Christ, about the lost sheep. Indeed today we MUST LEAVE THE NINETY-NINE JUST TO GO AFTER THE ONE LOST. I hope you will not consider me facetious if I tell you, that from where I am, it looks as if we would have to leave THE ONE, JUST, TO GO AFTER THE NINETY-NINE LOST.

(Continued on Page Three)

## A Valiant Woman

May I ask the charity of your prayers for the soul of my dear Mother, who passed away on October 29th, 1948?

Emma Thompson de Kolyshkin was a wonderful woman. From her I learned many of the things that are guiding me today. She taught me these things in words—and in her daily living.

Everytime I read from the book of Wisdom, of the valiant woman, I think of her. For indeed she was VALIANT... in the full sense of the word. Her life was full of grace, simplicity, truth. She was queen of her home, and the tranquility of its order had its origin in the great tranquility of her heart.



O, Lord,  
your Word  
is the light  
of my  
footsteps

She knew much sorrow, and tragedy walked with her for many years. She went through the Communist revolution in Russia, and through two wars, losing her beloved husband, my father, and many other dear ones, as a result of Communist persecutions.

She became an exile from her own land, with two young boys to bring up. Poverty was always near her. Yet through these many trials she walked serenely, patiently, uncomplainingly. For she knew God, and His holy will was hers.

This last war led her eldest son into the British Army, her youngest into a concentration camp. She remained alone in Brussels. She faced the German occupation and the blitz; alone, except for a daughter-in-law and two grandchildren.

Just before the occupation took place, a letter came to me from her. In it she answered, in her own way, my feverish worries for her. She said "... why do you worry so, child, when you and I know that I am making my

(Continued on Page Four)

## Bourbon, Bells and Russians Figure in Our Christmas Yarn

By Eddie Doherty

Once upon a time, when the world was a simple one, there was a newspaper reporter who wrote the Christmas story for a Boston morning paper. He was a New York ace, this lad, who had drunk himself out of more good jobs than most ink-slingers ever find.

It just happened that he landed in Boston the day before this certain long-ago Christmas, broke, hungry, somewhat sober, and more than willing to work. One of his friends was managing editor of the Hearst paper, so he got a job.

It seems that in Boston, at that time, all the papers vied with each other to print the nicest Christmas story. No accidents—especially the gruesome ones. No murders. No suicides. No divorces. Nothing that didn't smack of Christmas. Oh, a few tears were permitted, especially if they could be woven artistically into the yarn, and more especially if they could be followed by happy smiles.

Yo Ho! And a Bottle

The reporter of my story was just the lad for this sort of thing. He could write the stars out of heaven, as we used to say. And he was never so good at laughter and tears as when he had a bottle in his desk.

His friend, the managing editor, gave him a desk with a brand new typewriter in it, told him what he wanted—then sent a boy out to get him a bottle of the finest bourbon in all Boston. And our lad began to write.

All evening reporters called him up, gave him stories to weave into the general story—the classic that would take columns on Page 1, then jump to Pages 2 and 3. All evening the writer sat and wrote, and sipped at the bottle, and covered white paper with laughter and tears. You could hear sleigh bells ringing in his copy, and the squeals of children opening pretty packages, and mothers lulling babes to sleep with songs of Santa Claus, and midnight chimes calling across the snow to faithful Christians.

"Hey, Charley, here's a baby picked up in an ash can—what a story for Christmas, huh?"

"Hey, Charley, I got a little story for you. A sailor comes home to his mother on Christmas eve. Been away seven years. Nice little touch, huh, Charley? Big turkey and everything."

The Story Pours Out

All evening the story marched, in a fantastic parade, through the nice new

typewriter—and through the emptying bottle. When the parade was finished, the bottle was finished too. And Charley was poured into a cab, and decanted into a nearby hotel.

He slept until noon, and then went to the newspaper office. He didn't know anybody there. He had met the night crowd. These day people he hadn't met at all, naturally. He introduced himself, somewhat shyly, to the day city editor, went to his desk, picked up the paper, and began to read it.

He was still somewhat this side of sober, but he knew a story when he came across one; and he had come across one. He sobbed over it. He laughed over it. He exclaimed over it. He walked to the desk with the story in his hand, and told the day city editor what he thought of it. "This is a wonderful story," he announced. "This is the most wonderful story I ever read in a newspaper. Who wrote it?"

Now Another Story

Now RESTORATION is not like that Boston sheet of twenty years or more ago. It doesn't believe in giving its readers a Christmas story just because it's Christmas time. But it does have a Christmas story to give you now—a story with such tragedy and such joy in it that it must be told.

A certain Russian woman went from Combermere to Ottawa the other day to have a tooth pulled—and met a couple of other Russians, a young man and a young woman fresh from a D.P. camp in Germany.

They were born about the time of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, and, until they escaped to the camp in the British zone of Germany, they had lived and struggled and starved under the Soviets.

"The first thing we did, when we landed in Canada," the husband said, "was to go to a church and thank God. We believed in God, each of us; but, until we got to Germany neither of us had ever dared say so, even to each other. Imagine the tears we shed when we found that out!"

To Thank God

"We went to church to thank God, but also just to go into a church. We had never been in a church before. We were not of the brave ones of Russia. Those who go to church are brave. They are mostly old people—and not much is done to them. But if a young man

(Continued on Page Three)



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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Poverty . . . Chastity . . . Obedience. Sign posts on the Royal Road of Christ and to Christ. Brilliant sign posts, shedding a warm, vivid light, in the almost stygian darkness of our days. Guiding the weary, the hopeless, the discouraged, to rest, to new hope, to new life.

Strange, that our eyes see them not? Perhaps it is because in our utterly disorganized world, we have forgotten how to look up. At best, in these days of selfishness and secularism we look straight ahead, at no one in particular. Concerned only with ourselves, and so—uninterested in others. Or at worse, in despondency and fear, we look down at the lulling pattern formed by the cement pavements of our teeming cities, which may exercise a soothing influence on our jagged nerves . . . or may lead us into a false peace by its soulless symmetry.

Thus it may be that our eyes, used to "darkness," miss the warm, loving sign posts of God. Yet they are always there for us to see. Let us lift up our eyes to heaven . . . and behold the Lord's Highway. And beholding it . . . let us turn our faces and our steps into it . . . for it will lead us to life everlasting, to happiness, to eternal peace.

OBEEDIENCE . . . the last of the Holy Three we have been talking about. How we need this orderly virtue today! For if we made her our own . . . WE WOULD BE FREE . . . And to be free in a world of slaves—what could be more glorious?

For we are a world of slaves . . . believe it or not. Slaves to fashion, to keeping up with the Jones . . . slaves to false standards of materialism and nationalism, slaves to human respect. Our values, which are the world's, instead of Christ's, enslave us with a thousand chains. We want to get rid of them . . . but alas, few know how. And yet the key to freedom is in our hands. OBEEDIENCE IS ITS NAME.

Obedience to the laws of God. Oh! for the golden words of a genius, to do justice to the happiness, the light, the order, the joy, the peace that enters a human life that is OBEIDENT TO THE LAWS OF GOD.

Life becomes an adventure, vivid and enticing. Ordinary little things, daily chores, take on a glamor that cannot be translated into mere human words. Dullness grayness, boredom, never dwell in a soul or mind that is really OBEIDENT to God's laws. And by really we mean just that . . . fully, completely, in intention and fact. Punctiliously so. With the motivation of LOVE. For obedience is the natural result of love, or should be. Love of God and hence of His laws.

Obedience to the laws of His Church. Again, what zest, what fun, what glamor enters the life of a person who really OBEYS the laws of God's Church because he is IN LOVE WITH GOD. Every act, like fasting, abstaining, attending Mass on Sunday, receiving the Sacraments, supporting the Church and its Pastor . . . become suffused with warmth, with rewarding joy.

Obedience to the Hierarchy, and one's Pastor, in matters pertaining to their holy domain and office. Obedience unquestioned, instantaneous, joyous. Given with a mind full of understanding as to the whys and whereofs of that obedience. With a will shaped by that knowledge, and a heart filled with love toward those saintly representatives of our Beloved Lord on earth; THAT IS FREEDOM.

Obedience to the law of our Nation and its local governments. Consider the effects of OBEEDIENCE on a world gone mad with doing its own will. A world that confuses licence with freedom!

Why, if Catholics obeyed PERFECTLY only the traffic laws, for instance, out of LOVE OF GOD, and because they understood that obedience is order . . . what a change in the death toll of U.S.A. and Canada would occur!

If we obeyed every law, big and small, what an example we should be! What immense strides the restoration of the world in Christ would make. It really staggers one's imagination . . . this idea of CATHOLIC OBEEDIENCE.

Strange as it may seem at first, such an obedience would make us free! For OBEEDIENCE IS ALSO THE LAST ACT OF SURRENDER . . . THE SEAL ON PERFECT LOVE . . . AND THE SHORT-EST-CUT ON THE ROYAL ROAD TO CHRIST.

BELOVED IN CHRIST . . . LET US TRY IT . . . FOR IN IT OUR HUNGRY, WEARY HEARTS WILL FIND THE PEACE, THE JOY, THE HAPPINESS, THEY SO VAINLY SEEK EVERYWHERE ELSE.

## FIVE- ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

People still ask, "Are you going to spend the entire winter in Canada?" And they still ask, "How can you stand it?"

We usually deprecate the heroism imputed to us in our determination to remain in Combermere with some such silly remark as, "It never gets colder here than fifty below zero," or "there is seldom more than six feet of snow—except, of course, in the drifts."

The truth is that we love the winter. Combermere wrapped in ice and snow is even more beautiful than it is when dressed in its fresh Spring green. And, while it may be true that the air is colder than it is in summer, it is also true it has more ozone in it, and fewer flies.

Besides, winter—like death—is not at all terrible when one prepares for it. And we are well prepared.

So It Snows. So What?

There is, for instance, plenty of fuel. The shed we had built this summer—and painted green—is filled with cord wood. Birch, elm, and maple—with here and there a little pine. Wood for the kitchen stove, for the big grate in the living-room-library, and for the furnace downstairs. And twenty more cords due to be delivered!

The storm windows are on. That was a fatiguing job to watch. "Flewy" and young Pat Holley fetched and carried, made adjustments, hammered in screws, etc., etc. But it was up to me to see they got the right window in the right place.

The produce of the garden—the beets, beans, corn, etc., etc., which occasioned me so much work in the warmer months—work in my wife's name, if you will—has been put into jars that line our cellar shelves. We have one pig left—which will go good with vegetables, say in January, February, or March. We sold the other one for about the sum it cost to feed him and his brother. Thus we get 200 pounds of pork for nothing.

The bees have been made snug. They have about 80 pounds of our best honey—or theirs, if you must be precise—to last them until the flowers bloom again. (And we have about twenty pounds of their honey, in exchange, for our own use.)

Doherty Gets a Hay Cut

The hay has been cut, raked, piled, and distributed in a dozen places. Some of it went to the pig sty, some of it went to the warming of the bee hives, some of it lies a-mulching on the ground—to protect the apple trees, the flower beds, the strawberry patches, and the newly-planted bulbs.

The heavy coats and socks and shoes have been taken from the attic—not without some effort. How I sweated at the sight of Catherine on the ladder, great bundles of clothing in her arms! (And the light stuff has been put away.)

The boats have been taken from the water; have been stored in a dry place; and their motors are dreaming of the break-up of the ice, and the strength of the Madawaska's current in the Spring.

The chimney flues have been cleaned; the storm door leans against the outside of the porch, ready for some strong female to put it where

it belongs; the hatchets and the axes for chopping firewood fine have been sharpened; there are new snow shovels in the garage—just right for a woman's handling.

Even a Man Works Here

I shall be called upon, I know, to see that the lady makes wide neat paths wherever they are needed; and I am ready to do so. Always ready to watch somebody work—that's me! Of course, if it weren't for my enlarged and sclerosed aorta, I'd help in other ways than watching. Natch!

The point is, with me or without me, all things go along smoothly at Madonna House, preparing for Advent, for the birthday of the Little Stranger, for the New Year, for the winter months.



I AM THE  
IMMACULATE  
CONCEPTION

With my help, or without it, I get older every day, come nearer and nearer to the last Advent. I don't think I am at all prepared for that; but I should like to be. The doctor in Chicago gave me thirty-five years more. But suppose he was merely being optimistic! What if I have only thirty years left, and not thirty-five?

And Who's Going to Help?

How can I adequately prepare myself in that time against the winter that will claim me? Of course I have women to help me—but, even so, it's going to be tough! I will have to do SOME of the work, I know!

You will tell me, perhaps, that the Little Flower did a pretty good job of getting ready in much less than thirty years. You will, of course, cite the example of the good thief on the cross who did it in thirty seconds.

But I am neither the good nun nor the good thief. I must go my own way, make my preparations in my own muddled fashion, and take my chances on God's mercy.

Even as you, my friend—even as you yourself!

Still, as we say here in Combermere, God's justice never goes fifty degrees below His mercy—and only your own drifts ever bury you from the sight and the warmth of His love.

And that celestial winter—Boy!—they say it's more wonderful than life! I hope we're both all set.

## The B's Corner

Happy, Holy, Joyous Christmas to each and every one of you, our dear friends and readers! May Christ's Birthday bring you infinite blessings, but above all peace, His peace that surpasses understanding.

This is for us a double celebration. Oh, the second one is minor, of course, compared to the first. But it stems from it just the same. For December is the birthday also of RESTORATION . . . our little paper. We are ONE YEAR OLD, thanks to your interest and support.

We were greatly cheered by two subscriptions recently. One for twenty-five dollars, and the other for five. Each was indeed a sign of great trust in the continued existence of this publication. Each gave us a shot-in-the-arm. God bless all our subscribers.

Pull Up a Chair

Perhaps you would like to celebrate our birthday with us, in the joyous spirit of Christ. For after all is said and done, Restoration is His, completely, absolutely, utterly. It is our small contribution to the restoration of the whole world in Him. Will you help us reach this goal? Will you each get a new subscription to RESTORATION? It would be the grandest, the most wonderful Christmas and birthday gift anyone could give us. Thank you!

I have been thinking about Catholic customs. Liturgical and otherwise. The Advent Wreath which has been gracing our table is one of them. It is an old custom of Catholic countries and folks.

You can make it yourself. Fir, spruce, laurel, pine, anything green that is handy and inexpensive. Then you place something that will hold candles, four of them, within its greenness. And each week of Advent you light one more candle. The first week one candle, the second two and so on. The wreath itself is decorated with purple ribbons, signs of penance.

The head of the household recites the Advent prayers. You can get the whole story, prayers, and direction for making the wreath, from the Collegeville Abbey Press, Collegeville, Minn.

For Ten Cents, One Dime

From there too you can get, for a few pennies, (ten), a lovely little booklet entitled CHRISTMAS EVE PROGRAM FOR THE HOME. It is worth getting.

Of course Santa Claus is grand. He originally was a saint . . . in fact still is St. Nicholas. But alas the "Saint" part of it, and all that it stands for, has been neglected and forgotten in our strange modern world. It is high time to bring it back again. St. Nicholas would be intensely happy if we brought Christmas back to Christ, don't you think?

One way of doing this is to tell the children whose BIRTHDAY IT REALLY IS. And to center their interest on the Infant Christ. The Creche, or Crib, is a lovely way of doing this. It should be the center of all festivities. The traditional Christmas tree should be but a background for it.

The children should be quite familiar with the personages in the Crib, and around it.

(Continued on Page Four)



# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Parcels . . . big parcels, little parcels, square ones, long ones, round ones, thick ones, thin ones arrive in our picture-post-card post-office in such quantities that Ossie Miller, the postmaster, shakes his head in wonderment.

But the little children, who somehow are always to be found around the post-office, don't wonder. They know. And so they sing, shout, or just whisper "Santa Claus is coming to town." And so he is, good old St. Nicholas, the messenger of the Christ Child, sent to bring joy and happiness to every child on earth on His birthday.

To me each parcel is precious. Because each is a gift of a generous heart. Each is a message from a friend who understands, who wants to help us make our children's Christmas party a big success, a thing of laughter and joy, and fun and Alleluias!

## Trying to Say Thanks

My heart overflows with gratitude, my soul sings a Te Deum. But words to express that gratitude to you fly away from me, I know not where. So all I can say is—THANK YOU! This I say with all my heart . . . with all of me. THANK YOU! THANK YOU! GOD BLESS YOU. WE CERTAINLY DO. . . MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE A HAPPY, HOLY AND JOYOUS ONE AS YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE.

Eddie repeats this. Flew echoes it. For we of Madonna House are too poor to send out Christmas Cards to you, our many and beloved friends and benefactors. So these warm and loving wishes just expressed must perforce take the place of those individual ones we would so love to have sent each of you.

In the January issue I will be telling you all about that CHRISTMAS PARTY, which is as much yours as ours, for you have made it possible. Just now I want to talk about another BIRTHDAY. That of RESTORATION . . . our paper. Incredible as it seems, we are one year old. And isn't it lovely that we were "born" in the holy month of December? It has been a wonderful year for us. Our paper has been so well received! Subscriptions have passed the thousand mark, and are nearing the fifteen hundred goal. Our aim for 1949 is very BIG. We want to have FIVE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS . . . Could we hope that each of our readers would secure two or three for us? Then another of our many dreams for God and the restoration of His Kingdom on earth, would come true.

## Danger—Love Germs Here

The air of Combermere is said to be the healthiest in the Province of Ontario. We know that it is dry, clear, and exhilarating . . . but we did not know it contained a virulent germ . . . THE GERM OF LOVE. But it must. For consider! Blanche Scholes and Ann Harrigan, the directors of Friendship House, Chicago, came here for a vacation; and what happened? Blanche married Mr. Michael Lepinskie, a local farmer and a grand fellow. Ann married Nicolas Makletsoff, my distant relative and the builder of Ma-

donna House.

Now Lorraine Schneider, our director of St. Joseph's Farm, Marathon City, Wis. She came for a rest, last October — and became engaged to Mr. Patrick Lennon, the nephew of Michael Lepinskie, also a farmer and a swell guy. Congratulations all!

It will be wonderful to have you with us for good, Lorraine.

I have asked for a nurse. A generous soul has applied. I have asked for someone with knowledge of credit unions and the social apostolate of the Church, and a married couple who know have applied. I have asked for help with programs and general work, and a young lady has applied. DEO GRATIAS. Now all that is left for me to do . . . is to pray that they all DO GET HERE . . . and then begin asking for a single man to help with the outdoor and indoor chores, and to create a program for boys. Then we will be all-set at Madonna House. Will you join me in praying for those intentions?

## Bigger and Better Begging

Oh, I almost forgot, in the welter of happy events and news, to BEG. For did I not warn you, my readers and friends, that this column will always contain the endless litany of our needs? This time we beg for a PIANO AND AN ORGAN. The first is for the school. The good Sisters are praying to St. Joseph for it. We thought we'd help that busy saint by telling you about it. FRIENDS OF CANADA, if you have a piano that you do not need . . . in storage, or in your house . . . LET US KNOW. We will even try to raise the price of crating it, and getting it here by truck.

The Organ is for our church. I wish you could see it — the Church, I mean. Cozy, quiet, always open, with the red Lamp visible from afar . . . a beacon of joy. We have a fine choir . . . but the organ is so old . . . it creaks . . . and a few of its teeth are missing. So many folks have small organs that nobody plays anymore. — Have you one you could send? It will sing your praises before the Lord! Wouldn't that be wonderful?

## On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

When a fellow lifts things that do not belong to him and uses them, he is termed "light-fingered." When someone has a strong desire and love for money we call him Itchy Fingers. His eyes, too, mirror the covetousness of the soul. These eyes (to use an exaggerated comparison of a rural philosopher) stick out so far, in avaricious longing, that one could knock them off with a stick.

One who allows avarice to possess his soul, soon becomes an economic "big-shot." To remain the material "cock-o-the-manure-pile," he needs must turn to economic piracy, and flash his cutlass of exploitation amongst his fellow men.

## Heaps and Heaps

A speaker in the Maritimes, the other day com-

## WRITER URGES PRIESTS

(Continued from Page One)

For, alas, the defalcations, the falling-away from the Church, are tragically stupendous . . . and then again the world is DENYING THE VERY EXISTENCE OF GOD. This is not the day of theological and philosophical arguments, used in the early post-Reformation times. Today it is a matter of bringing GOD BACK TO MEN AND MEN BACK TO GOD.

## Be a Good Shepherd

The priest must go to the people, and not wait for the people to come to him. This applies both to CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS.

So it follows that the priest must BE SEEN AND BE APPROACHABLE, must be easily found, easy to talk to. We Catholics must shed our siege mentality. We must realize that to be on the defensive is pitiful. With the fullness of truth that is ours, we can be, and must be, ON THE OFFENSIVE.

When you are on the offensive, your army moves forward into the thick of the battle. In the van of the army are its officers . . . the PRIESTS . . . leading their people, being here, there, everywhere . . . BEING, IN FACT, ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN . . . as Christ, their supreme model, was.



PASTOR-BONUS

## One More Thing

And the priest must "talk our language." True the hall-mark of an educated man is his correct speech. But the language of the masses is not necessarily incorrect. It is simple, direct, at times rough, or picturesque.

Study it, my friend. Learn to speak it. Learn to present Christ and His teachings in words that all of us will understand. Imitate Him. In His time, He spoke so that the little ones, the unlearned and the simple, understood Him as well as the others.

Yes dear Seminarian . . . After you have taught us how to pray, come and give us the benediction of your priestly presence. BE SEEN AMONG US OFTEN. BE EASY TO APPROACH.

## BOURBON, BELLS, AND

(Continued from Page One)

or a young woman goes to church twice, he or she disappears.

"No, we were not brave. We were not brave when we went to the church in Ottawa—for we sneaked in, making sure nobody saw us. And we stayed there on our knees, a long, long time. Then we sneaked out, and walked down the street. Every little while we stopped and looked at each other, then looked away so we wouldn't burst with our emotions. And every little while we breathed deep of the air. It smelled so sweet, the air of freedom!"

## Lots of Room!

They invited the woman to come to their home after she left the dentist's. And she went. They lived in a tiny flat far out in the suburbs. The visitor had to go by street car and bus. The husband met her at the bus stop, but it was so dark there neither could see the road very well.

"You should have brought your flashlight," the visitor said.

The young husband was shocked. A flashlight? A flashlight was only for the rich and powerful, or for the police. He would not dare go into a store and buy one. Besides, it would probably cost a tremendous lot of money.

The little flat was poorly furnished, yet the young Russians thought they lived in luxury. And they were planning to bring over some of their relatives and friends — and house them in the flat.

"We have so much room," the young wife said, "we are embarrassed. In Russia we had to share one room with my mother and father, my husband's mother and father, my grandmother, and four others, not including our two children. We would have plenty of room here for all of them."

## About That Flash

When she was leaving, the visitor once again brought up the matter of the flashlight.

"Really," she explained, "you do not need to be afraid. You can go into a store boldly and buy one without any trouble, and you can get one for less than a dollar."

"Oh, no," the wife said. "We do not need such a thing. We have learned to see in the dark. And why should we give ourselves such a luxury when our relatives and friends in the D.P. camps in Germany still need so many things — especially food and clothes?"

"My husband makes a tremendous salary. More than four dollars a day! We never dreamed that any man could earn so much money. Yet it is so little when you think of all those people starving and shivering in Russia, in Germany, and in other parts of the world."

## Christ's Birthday

"No, no. For the first time in our lives we are going to celebrate Christmas, the

SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE, SO THAT THROUGH YOU WE MAY SEE CHRIST MORE CLEARLY . . . WE NEED TO . . . THE DARKNESS AROUND US IS SO INTENSE!

birthday of Jesus Christ. You don't know what that means to us. You can't know. Nobody can know who hasn't lived as we have had to live for thirty years or so. We are going to celebrate Christ's birthday — and we want all the poor in the world to be happy with us on that day. We will do without the flashlight, and send the money it would cost to some little child in Europe — as we would have sent it to Christ Himself if we had lived in His day."

No room for Him in the inns? Well, there is plenty of room for Him in two Russian hearts. And maybe you see, now, why Our Lady of Fatima wants Russia dedicated to her Immaculate Heart.

Merry Christmas.

## Aunt Mayme And Christmas

by

Warren James Largay, T.O.S.F.

Somehow to my brothers and sisters, as well as to myself, Aunt Mayme and Christmas were synonymous. Being ever on the side where the wolves were at the door, her coming at Christmas time was the beacon light for which we hoped and prayed. She never disappointed us! Keeping faith with children was her one big job, and how well she handled her position! To us she opened her purse strings as well as those of her heart, for Aunt Mayme displayed true Franciscan charity. With big wondering eyes we grouped about her while she extracted coins from a capacious purse and made each and every one of us a Midas in our own right. What joy was hers to see our happy faces! What infinite happiness was ours to clutch the coin of the realm to our bosoms because it was our very own and had been given us by Aunt Mayme!

As I look back at the Christmas days over which Aunt Mayme presided, I am sure that never again will I experience the joy of opening packages that I did then. Fleece-lined underwear, dolls, caps, coffee, sugar, beans, candy, and—oranges! Aunt Mayme just had to see that emaciated bodies were supplied with oranges, and that little hearts experience the joy of peering into mysterious packages! On His birthday the Saviour had to have ambassador visit and cheer His poor. I feel quite sure the Christ Child and Aunt Mayme worked in complete harmony.

One Christmas day Aunt Mayme did not visit us, but we were older then. It seemed as if her work on earth was done and He had need for her above. Now that we have grown to man's estate, we love to think of Aunt Mayme on each succeeding Christmas Eve as being surrounded by children and receiving from the hands of the Babe of Bethlehem a crown studded with stars. Each Christmas Eve the winds playing softly through the pine trees seem to whisper His message to her: "Thy reward is great because thou gave joy to these, my little ones."

May the spirit of Aunt Mayme be in your heart—not only on Christmas Day, but throughout life.



## THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

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## VALIANT WOMAN

(Continued from Page One)

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"Why is it that Communism flourishes in countries that have Christians? Is it not the consequence of a great disappointment? This disappointment, however, comes not from Christianity, but from Christians."

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## ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page Two)

pared the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, to the mistake of leaving fertilizer in a heap, to rot, with a bad smell around it. It is of no use for the soil like that. Scatter it over the fields and it will soon bring new life and verdure to the landscape.

There is little doubt that wealth is heaped together in the possession of a few. The pirates, the exploiters, the hi-jackers, the thieves, the gangsters, and last but not least (for his name is legion) the everyday, common, ordinary, so-called Christian who has avarice in his blood.

In some of our rural communities, you could "water a horse" with the "droolings" of several of our avaricious neighbors . . . Outside of that they are good Christians . . . U-g-g-h!

## Rights or No Rights

We know, (most people in a vague and theoretical way) that the Christian teachings say that the right of property is limited to the needs of others. (Rural holders of land, lots and sites, for exorbitant prices please take notice). No individual has the right to grow rich by pauperizing others. People who are favored by heredity, nature, etc., with a super abundance of wealth, land, or materials, have no right to deny less favored people, a just share of things to enable them to work out a decent existence.

The common good demands that each individual be prosperous . . . Why not scatter the heaps of wealth amongst the ordinary people by means of credit unions? The strangle hold of the money powers on the lives of the people would thus be broken. We could then, gradually bring about a healthier economic order within the nation.

## Many Are Ignorant

Last month we tried to give you an outline of the progress made in the credit union movement, across Canada. Results are considerable, it is true, but only a drop in the bucket, when you compare the few thousands and who belong to credit unions, with the vast throng who know nothing about them and care less.

Among the few, solid foundations are placed. All can report the gradual increase in good will, team work, study, and thought which bear fruit in their respective communities. There is a beginning made to equalize the nation's wealth. Justice, charity, honesty, are virtues that now appear, at least among members. A good start is made towards the dissipation of hatred, distrust, and avarice. These of course are detrimental to the peace and prosperity of the nation as a whole . . . Then, Up the credit union movement!

## Homespun

By Alberta Schumacher

I love people—just people. Black ones, white ones, yellow ones, I don't care—just people. Rich ones, poor ones, middle-class, they're all the same to me—just people. People are my hobby. I would just as soon read people as good books, and it's easier on the eyes.

You take my neighbor, Nelly Bailey, mother of nine. That woman works from sun-up till midnight. The woman who stops at sun-down is a piker by comparison. She has one good dress, and I say "good" advisedly. It is three years old and starting to split a little at the seams, but it has a new collar and cuff set.

## Without Props? Nell Can

When Nelly gets into that dress after a whole week of nothing but wrap-around prints she feels dressed up, and she looks it, too! Being dressed up is more a change of mind than a change of dress. Some can do it without props, like Nelly—some can't.

Recreation. A necessary part of any woman's life. Some women make a big splurge week-ends, pushing the kiddies off on mama or a sitter. Nelly Bailey steps out every day—just as far as the mailbox, and that's all. But that's enough, the way Nelly does it. It's a big occasion.

She wipes the flour from her hands and strides outside, eyes eager with anticipation. She takes all the mail out and sorts through it before she starts back to the house. Let me see now. The newspaper is equal to a cocktail, if Nelly were the cocktail type, which she isn't. A postal card gives her anyway as much of a thrill as soft music where lights are low, and a letter—that brings about the same exuberance as the combined effect of show, supper, and dancing afterward!

## Woman's Work Never Done

Nelly goes back to the house relaxed and ready to face the endless washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning, mending, entailed in the proper upbringing of nine little Baileys. She has had her supreme moment. Her day has been highlighted. She is happy.

It is all a matter of perspective. The woman who is wined and dined frequently gets less joy from an evening out than Nelly does from her festive mail call. Relativity. We all have equal chances for happiness, the poorest of us and the richest. It is the unexpected that entertains, the novel that lifts us out of ourselves, whether it is meat one meal a week at home, or a gourmet's dream come true on a night out for the lady who eats plain meat every day.

Nelly Bailey hasn't time to exercise her inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness. She pursues duty instead, and happiness just naturally accrues to her.

You'll be meeting more of my people from time to time, but for now I'll have to leave you. You see, I have a heavy date with—people.

## Rural Delivery

Dear Ed:

How time does fly. Restoration, with its December issue, will begin its second year. I remember it came into being in the same month that gave birth to the Savior of Mankind, and with the same purpose of saving mankind by restoring all things in Christ! Many more happy years.

I wish to thank, from the bottom of my heart, all those that have responded to its call. I thank all subscribers, especially my many friends in Geneva, who saw the need for this new publication.

For my friends I have the following message: "Restoration belongs to each and every one of us, and it will help to bind us together as we travel the perilous days ahead. We have needed something like it for a long, long time. Now that we have it, let's keep it alive by making sure to renew our subscriptions when the time comes. Furthermore, let's make it grow, each one of us, by obtaining a subscriber or two. It can be done. In this way, and only in this way, will Restoration grow into a publication worthy of its huge and most important task."

—Anthony Constable

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